

MARCH

No. 1

10¢

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUT



THE BLACK CONDOR



ALIAS THE SPIDER



JANE ARDEN



NED BRANT



IN THIS **THE** IN A SUPER
ISSUE **CLOCK** THRILLER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

\$200.⁰⁰ IN PRIZES

123 WINNERS

THE EASIEST CONTEST IN THE WORLD!

All you have to do is tell us how to improve **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**. Write us a short letter listing your various suggestions and enclose the coupon at the top of the inside back cover with your letter.

First prize is \$50.00, second prize is \$20.00 and third prize is \$10.00. In addition, there are 120 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each. So fill in the coupon right away and try to win a cash prize.

The best letter we receive wins the \$50.00. But in order to win a prize, you must fill in the coupon at the top of the inside back cover (or facsimile) and send this to us with your suggestions. Make your letter interesting and list your favorite features in the order you prefer them.

This contest is open to everyone except employees of **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**. All letters must be received by March 15th in order to be eligible for a prize.

Send all letters with coupons to

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

322 Main Street

Stamford, Conn.



THE BLACK CONDOR

DAM APPROPRIATION BILL TO GO BEFORE SENATE

by
Kenneth
Lewis

VOTE EXPECTED TO
BE CLOSE

WELL, SENATOR TOM
WRIGHT, WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

THAT BILL IS
JUST A GRAFT
COFFER! YOU
KNOW THE
CROOKS
BEHIND
IT!

IF YOU LET THAT
APPROPRIATION
GO THROUGH, OUR
ENGAGEMENT IS
OFF! I WON'T BE
MARRIED TO A
WEAKLING!

DON'T
LET THAT
PACK
INFLUENCE
YOU!
VOTE
FOR IT OR
ELSE!

YOU KNOW
WHAT'S RIGHT,
TOM. DO
IT!

TRAINED FROM EARLY
CHILDHOOD LIKE A
FLEDGLING EAGLE TO
GIVE HIS EARTHBOUND
MUSCLES THE SMOOTH
COORDINATION OF A
BIRD'S, THE BLACK CONDOR
IS THE ONLY HUMAN
ENDOWED WITH THE
POWER OF FLIGHT.

BLUE HAZE ENSNAURES THE
SMOKING MEMBERS OF A
SECRET GATHERING AT THE
HOME OF JASPAR CROW.



YOU'VE GOT OUR
SUPPORT, CROW,
BUT WHAT ABOUT
TOM WRIGHT?

HE'LL
VOTE
MY
WAY!



SENATOR WRIGHT
BEGS TO CONTRADICT
THE GENTLEMAN
FROM SKULL CREEK!
I WILL VOTE
DOWN THE
BILL!



YOU
WHAT?!



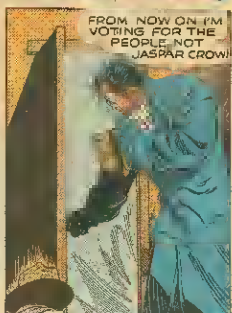
YOU
HEARD
ME, CROW!

BUT MY
BOY, DON'T
ACT RASHLY,
YOU KNOW
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN!

I KNOW
WHAT
I'M
DOING!



FROM NOW ON I'M
VOTING FOR THE
PEOPLE NOT
JASPAR CROW!

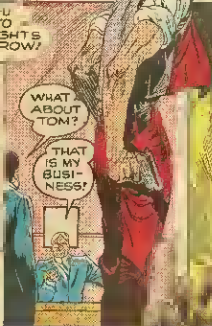


JOHNSTON, YOU
ARE GOING TO
VOTE IN WRIGHT'S
PLACE TOMORROW!



WHAT
ABOUT
TOM?

THAT
IS MY
BUSI-
NESS!



NOBODY
CROSSES
JASPAR
CROW!



CROW'S BLUFF HAS GOT TO
BE CALLED SOMETIME! HIS
-OLD ON THE SENATE -
MUST BE BROKEN!

HEY! WHAT'S
UP? THE BLINDS
DRAWN ON MY
CAR WINDOWS!

STEP IN, WRIGHT
CROW DOESN'T
WASTE TIME!

I'LL GIVE YOU A
CHANCE TO CHANGE
YOUR MIND, TOM. DON'T
BE A STUBBORN YOUNG
IDEALIST, BOY! THAT
STUFF IS -

POISON TO
GUYS LIKE
YOU!

DO
AS THE
BOSS
TELLS
YOU,
TOM!

BE REASON-
ABLE, YOUNG
SENATOR
WRIGHT!

YOU'RE STUBBORN
AND DUMB, TOM..IF
THAT BILL GOES
THROUGH, YOU'LL
GET A BIG SLICE
OF THE ER..
PROFIT!

I
SAID
NO!

OR
ELSE!
SEE?
OR
ELSE!


A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE
ROAD, AS THE CAR WHIZZES
ON... THE BLACK CONDOR

BANG!






HMM...
ANOTHER
GANG
KILLING?



STILL ALIVE, BUT
SINKING FAST!
HE'S TRYING
TO TALK!

GET D.
DOCTOR
FOS...TE




THIS IS AMAZING! HE
LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE
ME. EVERY FEATURE
REMARKABLE!




NEXT DAY, THE APPROPRIATION
BILL IS UP BEFORE THE SENATE.

SENATOR
THOMAS
WRIGHT!



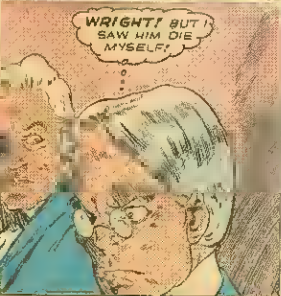
MR. CHAIRMAN, I HAVE
BEEN SENT TO REPRESENT
SENATOR WRIGHT,
AND TO CAST HIS VOTE
FOR HIM!

MR.
CHAIRMAN!

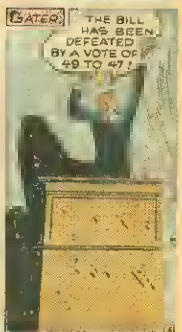


I HAVE
GIVEN NO ONE
PERMISSION TO
TAKE MY PLACE!
I WILL CAST
MY OWN
VOTE!

IN THE GALLERY JASPAR CROW GASPS
AUDIBLY.



WRIGHT! BUT I
SAW HIM DIE
MYSELF!



GATER: THE BILL
HAS BEEN
DEFEATED
BY A VOTE OF
49 TO 47!

IN THE CORRIDOR.

DARLING! YOU VOTED NO!
YOU LOVE ME!
NOW I KNOW
YOU DO!



WHY,
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
DEAR?

OH, ER
EXCUSE
ME!

HE RAN
AWAY...AND HIS
KISS WAS
SO COLD!

WHAT
DID I DO TO
DESERVE
THAT?

THE CAR SPEEDS OUT OF WASH-
INGTON TO A DIRT COUNTRY
ROAD.



TOM WRIGHT IS
DEAD, BLACK CONDOR.
I COULDN'T SAVE HIM.
TOO BAD! TOO BAD!
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE BILL?

IT WAS DEFEAT-
ED BY MY VOTE!
DR. FOSTER, I'M
SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT
TOM!

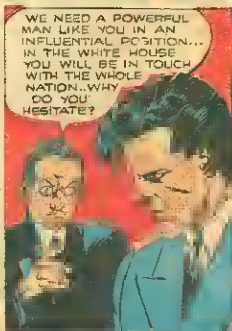


THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO
DO...YOU MUST
BECOME SENA-
TOR TOM
WRIGHT!

WE NEED A POWERFUL
MAN LIKE YOU IN AN
INFLUENTIAL POSITION...
IN THE WHITE HOUSE
YOU WILL BE IN TOUCH
WITH THE WHOLE
NATION...WHY
DO YOU
HESITATE?

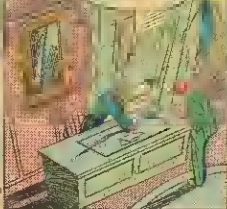
BUT...ER...
THAT
GIRL...
WHO...?

OH HO! DOES SHE
FRIGHTEN YOU? THAT'S
WENDY, MY DAUGHTER,
AND YOUR FIANCEE,
TOM WRIGHT!



JAGGAR CROW HAS MORE ACES
UP HIS SLEEVE NOW THAT THE
BILL HAS FAILED...

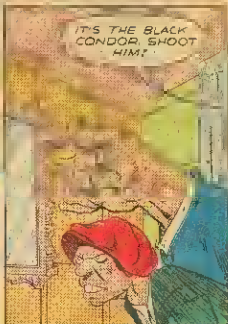
WERE GOING TO
PUT FULL PRESSURE
ON THE SENATE? I'LL
HAVE THEM UNDER
MY THUMB!



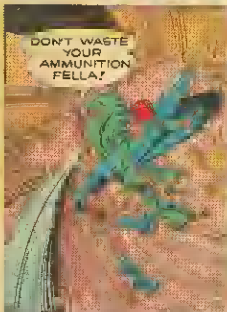
MR CROW,
MAY I INTRO-
DUCE MYSELF
AS ANOTHER
FIGHTING
BIRD...



IT'S THE BLACK
CONDOR. SHOOT
HIM!



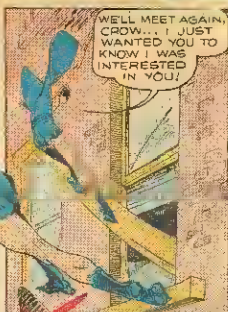
DON'T WASTE
YOUR
AMMUNITION
FELLA!



THIS IS
A RUB
OUT!

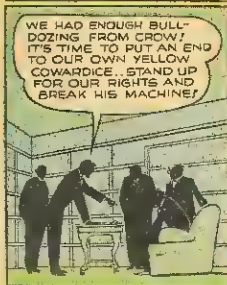


WE'LL MEET AGAIN,
CROW... I JUST
WANTED YOU TO
KNOW I WAS
INTERESTED
IN YOU!

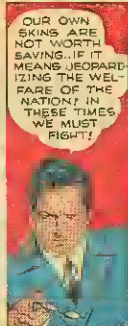


NEXT DAY THE NEW TOM WRIGHT
SPEAKS VEHEMENTLY IN THE
COMMITTEE MEETING

WE HAD ENOUGH BULL-
DOZING FROM CROW!
IT'S TIME TO PUT AN END
TO OUR OWN YELLOW
COWARDICE... STAND UP
FOR OUR RIGHTS AND
BREAK HIS MACHINE!

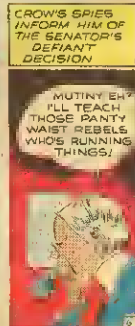


OUR OWN
SKINS ARE
NOT WORTH
SAVING... IF IT
MEANS JEOPARD-
IZING THE WEL-
FARE OF THE
NATION! IN
THESE TIMES
WE MUST
FIGHT!



CROW'S SPIES
INFORM HIM OF
THE SENATOR'S
DEFIANT
DECISION

MUTINY EH?
I'LL TEACH
THOSE PANTY
WAIST REBELS
WHO'S RUNNING
THINGS!



HE'S RIGHT!
WE MUST
WORK FOR
DEFENSE
AND
INTERNAL
ADJUSTMENT.



JASPAR CROW'S MALICIOUS MIND BEGINS TO GLOW WITH UGLY PLANS TO CARRY ON HIS RULE OF TERROR.



TRUCKLOADS OF TORCH-BEARING CROOKS ROLL OUT OF THE CITY, BENT ON DESTRUCTION.



THE BURB OF MANY MOTORS NEARS THE CHARMING SUBURBAN HOME OF SENATOR GIBBS. AN ARCH-FOE OF JASPAR CROW.



CROW! HE JUST CALLED TO...LOOK! HE MEANS TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT!

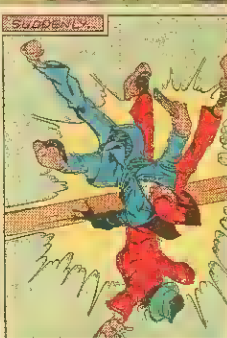
OH, MY DEAR! THEY WILL BURN US ALIVE! BUT DON'T GIVE IN TO CROW!



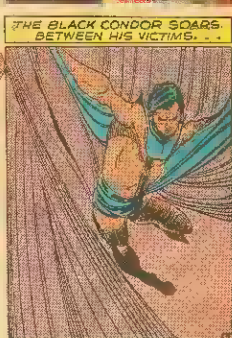
THE HELPLESS COUPLE IS TRAPPED IN THEIR HOME AS THE THUGS APPROACH.



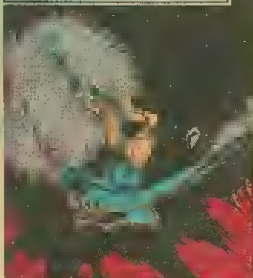
SUDDENLY...



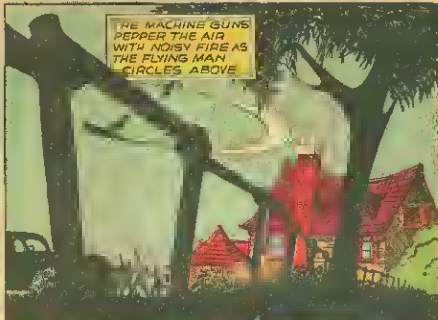
THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS BETWEEN HIS VICTIMS. . .



DIVING DOWN ON THE FLAMING BRANDS, HE QUENCHES THEM WITH THE BLACK-RAY.



HE MACHINE GUNS PEPPER THE AIR WITH NOISY FIRE AS THE FLYING MAN CIRCLES ABOVE



HERE HE COMES!

WE GOT HIM!



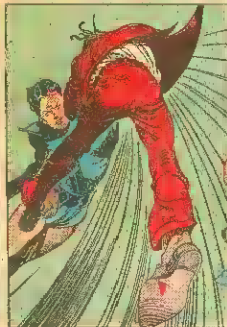
THE WINGED FIGURE PLUNGES DOWN, DROPPING LIKE A SWIFT METEORITE.

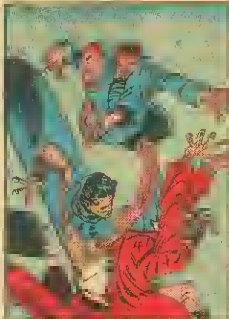


SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BOYS!



A WHIRLWIND OF ACTION THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS INTO THE STUNNED CROOKS.





SEIZING A TOMMY-GUN, THE
BLACK CONDOR SWEEPS UP
ABOVE THE TREETOPS.



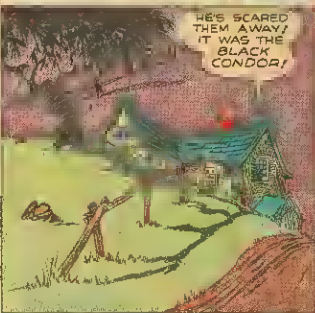
I'LL GIVE
THEM BACK
THEIR OWN
MEDICINE!



RUN YOU
MICE IN
RAT'S
CLOTHING!



HALP!
EEEE!



HE'S SCARED
THEM AWAY!
IT WAS THE
BLACK
CONDOR!



THAT'S THE WAY!
STRETCH 'EM UP
TILL THE POLICE
COME FOR YOU!



YOU CAN CALL THE
COPS, SENATOR GIBBS.
SO THAT I'LL BE
FREE TO GO AFTER
CROW!



YOU WON'T
GET CROW..
HE'S GONE!
LEFT THE
COUNTRY..
HE CALLED
ME FROM THE
MID-ATLANTIC!



DAYS LATER..

YOU KNOW, DAD,
SINCE TOM GOT
UP THE NERVE
TO DEFEY CROW,
HE'S BEEN LIKE
A NEW MAN!



A NEW MAN YES! WITH
A NEW AND ARDUOUS
TASK BEFORE ME, AND
A NEW AND LOVELY
FIANCEE BESIDE ME
SENATOR
TOM WRIGHT!

Molly the Model



MOLLY DON'T WANT T'SEE
THE FIGHT, NIFTY— I'LL
BE RIGHT IN TO GET
READY.

OKAY,
DANNY

TONIGHT
HASSAN
THE
ASSASSIN
VERSUS
DANNY
DEEVER
15 ROUNDS
KINGDOME FIGHT
ARENA 7:30

DANNY, WHO'S
THAT TERRIBLE
LOOKING
CREATURE?

OH—THAT'S HASSAN—
THE ASSASSIN—
HE'S THE BIRD
I'M FIGHTIN'
T'NIGHT!

HI-YA
HASSAN.
HOW D'YA
FEEL?

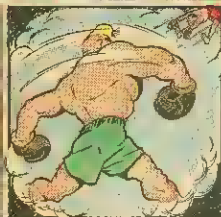
STRONG
LAK' BOOL!
I TEAR
HIM
APART!

BUT, DANNY—
HE'S SUCH A
BRUTE!
PROMISE
ME YOU'LL
BE
CAREFUL!

SURE, MOLLY
I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!

OH DEAR— I'M
SO WORRIED
ABOUT DANNY
FIGHTING THAT
BIG BRUISER!

IT'S
NINE O'CLOCK—
THE FIGHT
IS JUST
STARTING



I'M SORRY,
NIFTY—WE DID
EVERYTHING
POSSIBLE
BUT IT WAS
TOO
LATE

OH, DOC—
HOW WILL
I EVER
TELL
MOLLY?



HEY, MOLLY— WHY DIDN'T YOU
ANSWER THE BELL?— THAT
BIG PHONEY FOLDED UP IN THE
FIRST ROUND—
SO I CAME
RIGHT
OVER..

GOSH
MOLLY,
WHAT HAVE
Y'BEEN
CRYIN'
ABOUT?

OH, YOU
WOULDN'T
UNDER-
STAND
DARLING!

MOLLY the MODEL

BUT MOLLY, I JUST WANT T'GO DOWN TO THE DUTCHMAN'S—T'SEE BENNIE THE BOOKIE—HE OWES ME TWO BUCKS!

NOT TONIGHT, POP—

—YOU'VE BEEN OUT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK—JUST SIT THERE AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO—THE POT O' DOUGH PROGRAM IS ON NOW—

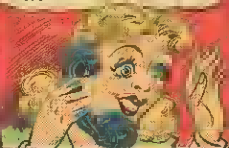
POT O' PHDOEY!



IF THAT'S ANY OF YOUR CRONIES' PHONING, POP, I'M GOING TO SAY YOU'RE IN BED.

RING

HELLO—WHAT? THE POT O' DOUGH?—YES, YES! HE'S HERE! J—JUST A MINUTE—I'LL GET HIM!



POP! POP! THE POT O' DOUGH IS—HUH! OH, GOOD GRIEF! HE SNEAKED OUT!



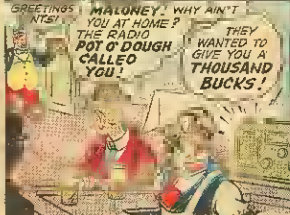
POP! POP! WHERE ARE YOU? POP!



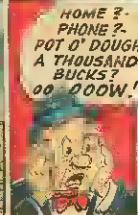
GREETINGS NTS!

MALONEY! WHY AIN'T YOU AT HOME? THE RADIO POT O' DOUGH CALLED YOU!

THEY WANTED TO GIVE YOU A THOUSAND BUCKS!



HOME? PHONE? POT O' DOUGH? A THOUSAND BUCKS? OO OOOOW!



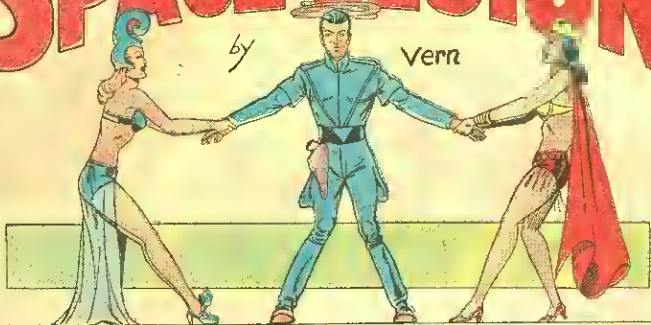
HM—FAINTED!



THE SPACE LEGION

by

Vern

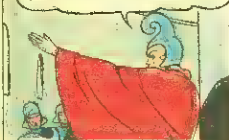


QUEEN LUXOR OF CYGNUS HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT RACIAL TYPES...TO HER, BRUNETTES ARE THE DOMINATING PEOPLE...

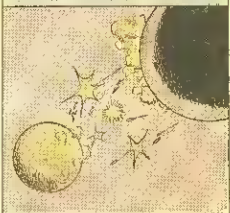


... AND ON DRACO, A NEIGHBORING PLANET, BLONDE QUEEN FEROS RISES IN BITTER OPPOSITION...

BLONDES ARE THE PURER RACE...JAIL ALL BRUNETTES ON MY PLANET!



QUEEN LUXOR RETALIATES.... SOON A PETTY QUARREL GIVES "WAY TO A BITTER WAR..."



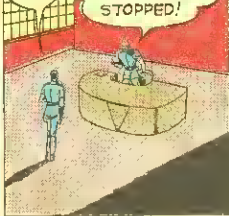
MEANWHILE...IN THE OFFICE OF LEGION COMMANDER CROSBY ON EARTH..

I'VE GOT AN UNUSUAL MISSION FOR YOU, ROCK..

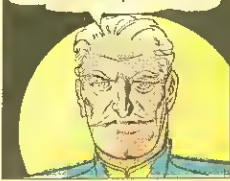


YES SIR!

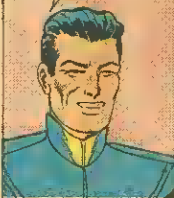
THIS WAR BETWEEN DRACO AND CYGNUS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED!



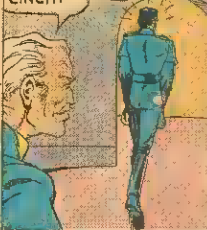
OTHER PLANETS ARE STARTING TO TAKE SIDES.. THE UNIVERSE MAY BE EMBROILED IN A BLOODY WAR! IT'S YOUR JOB, BRADDON!



STOPPING WARS IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE, SIR...BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!



WITH YOUR REPUTATION AS A LADY KILLER, ROCK, IT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!



ALONE, ROCK BRADON BLASTS OFF ON THE STRANGEST MISSION OF HIS CAREER..



WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT THIS IS! TWO DIZZY DAMES START A WAR WITH EACH OTHER...AND I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE FLAT TERRAIN OF CYGNUS APPEARS BENEATH ROCK'S SHIP



HE LANDS..HIS SHIP IS IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY SHOUTING CYGNUSIANS..



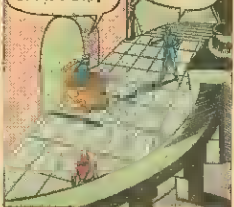
I'M CAPTAIN BRADON OF THE SPACE LEGION.. TAKE ME TO QUEEN LUXOR, AT ONCE!



AT LUXOR'S PALACE

WHY THIS SUDDEN VISIT, CAPTAIN BRADON?

I CAME TO END YOUR SILLY WAR!



I'M TAKING YOU TO DRACO! YOU AND QUEEN FEROS CAN SETTLE IT THERE!

WHAT?!



NEVER! IF THERE IS TO BE PEACE, QUEEN FEROS MUST COME TO ME! I WON'T GO TO DRACO!



BRADDON RETURNS TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS SHIP.

QUEEN LUXOR WON'T GO TO DRACO, AND IT'S A SURE BET FEROS WON'T COME HERE! SOMEHOW I MUST GET THEM TOGETHER!



I'VE GOT IT! A PLAN TO MAKE PEACE! FAILURE WILL MEAN MY DEATH, BUT I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE!



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, ROCK LEAVES HIS SHIP



NEAR THE PALACE THE DARING SPACE OFFICER ENCOUNTERS A PAIR OF CYGNUSIAN SOLDIERS.

EARTHMAN! ARREST HIM!



SORRY I CAN'T GO ALONG WITH YOU BOYS..

SOCK!



...BUT I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!



QUEEN LUXOR IS AWAKENED BY ROCK'S SUDDEN ENTRANCE

YOU! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

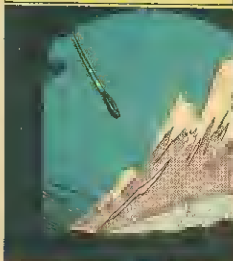
HELLO!



I'VE DECIDED YOU'RE GOING TO SETTLE YOUR DISPUTE WITH QUEEN FEROS.. EVEN IF I MUST KIDNAP YOU!

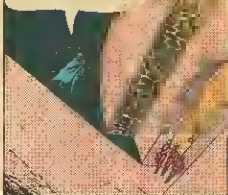


A FEW HOURS LATER...ROCK
BLASTS IN TO A PERFECT
LANDING ON DRACO..

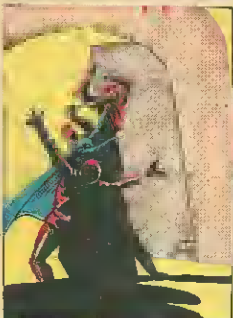


KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS,
HE WORKS HIS WAY TO
THE GATES OF FEROS' PALACE

WOW! THE PLACE
IS CRAWLING
WITH GUARDS!



OH-OH! HERE
COMES TROUBLE!
I'LL JUST WAIT
UNTIL



SEEMS LIKE I'M
STARTING A WAR
INSTEAD OF
STOPPING ONE!



ADDITIONAL GUARDS
JOIN THE CHASE...

THIS PLACE
IS GETTING
UNHEALTHY!



I NEVER
DID LIKE
CROWDS!



QUEEN FEROS AND HER WAR
CABINET ARE HOLDING A
CONFERENCE IN THE PALACE..
SUDDENLY..

MEETING'S
ADJOURNED!



I'M BRADDON OF THE
SPACE LEGION! LUXOR IS
IN MY ROCKET SHIP OUT-
SIDE.. YOU'RE GOING OUT
THERE, FEROS, AND SIGN
A PEACE TREATY
WITH HER!



AS ROCK ATTEMPTS TO LEAVE THE PALACE A SCORE OF RAY GUNS OPEN FIRE...

MY MEN HAVE YOU TRAPPED CAPTAIN!

BLAM

YEAH? WELL, WE'RE GOING THROUGH.. SO YOU'D BETTER CALL OFF YOUR WOLVES.. BEFORE ONE OF THOSE RAY BLASTS BOUNCES OFF YOUR PRETTY LITTLE NOGGIN!

AT FEROS' ORDERS THE GUARDS ARE WITHDRAWN, AND BRADDON TAKES HER SAFELY TO HIS SHIP.

ROCK OPENS THE DOOR OF AN UNUSED SUPPLY ROOM

HERE'S THE TREATY.. SIGN IT BOTH OF YOU!

I WILL NOT!

NO! NEVER!

YOU TWO GET IN THERE AND FINISH YOUR WAR! I'LL LET YOU OUT WHEN YOU'RE READY TO SIGN!

BANG! SCREECH!

AT LAST THE DOOR OPENS

WE'RE READY TO MAKE PEACE!

HIS MISSION FINISHED, ROCK TURNS HIS SHIP EARTHWARD ONCE MORE

HA/HA/HA! WHO WON?

SHUT UP!

THAT'S THAT! I'VE FOUGHT MONSTERS OF OTHER WORLDS AND THE WORST CRIMINALS OF SPACE.. BUT I HOPE I NEVER TANGLE WITH FEMALE DICTATORS AGAIN!

WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

Too
Much
Water

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

WELL, TUG, BACK
TO **SCIENCE**
ONCE MORE!

I HOPE!

WIZARD WELLS, AMERICA'S FOREMOST
SCIENTIST, HAS ACCIDENTALLY
BEEN FORCED INTO THE FIELD OF
CRIMINOLOGY, WHERE HE SOLVES
CASES WITH SCIENCE PLUS DARING

AND THERE'S OUR DESTI-
NATION, THE CORNER GLASS
FACTORY! THEY'RE MAKING
MY NEW RETORTS. I WANT
TO INSPECT THEM!

THAT'S
BETTER
THAN DODGIN'
BULLETS,
WIZ!

OBSERVE THE UNIQUE
GEOLOGICAL FORMATION, TUG!
THIS RIVER RUNS ALONG
THE TOP OF A
CLIFF!

IF THAT ROCKY WALL EVER
BREAKS, THAT FACTORY'S GONNA
BE AWFUL WET, WIZ!

IN A NATURAL DEPRESSION IN
THE VALLEY, THE FACTORY STANDS.

YOU'RE **RIGHT**, TUG! THE
FACTORY WOULD BE AT THE
BOTTOM OF A **SMALL LAKE**.

BANG!

WELLS'S ROADSTER **SWERVES**,
CRASHES THROUGH THE FENCE—

HOLD HER, WIZ!
SHE'S BUCKIN'!

CRASH!

—AND STOPS ON THE
EDGE OF A CLIFF.

ENTIRELY **TOO CLOSE**
FOR COMFORT!

**INCLUDE ME
OUT!**

THAT **BLOWOUT**-

BLOWOUT **NOTHING!**
THAT WAS A **BULLET!**
LOOK, TUG!

AND SO WE GOT
TO **WALK** THE
REST OF THE
WAY!

FORGET **THAT**,
TUG, AND TRY
TO FIGURE
WHO WANTS
TO **KEEP** US
AWAY FROM
CORNER GLASS
AND WHY!

THE CORNER GLASS OFFICE

MR. CORNER
PLEASE -

GO RIGHT IN!
MR. CORNER
EXPECTS
YOU!

DIDN'T TAKE YOU **MILITARY**
INTELLIGENCE MEN LONG
TO GET **HERE!**
I'LL SEND FOR
PORTNER -

BUT,
MR. CORNER -

I'M WIZARD WELLS - A CUSTOMER

YOU ARE? I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE THE
ARMY MEN TO
LOOK INTO THE
SABOTAGE
THREATS.

WE'RE MAKING SOME **LARGE**
SEARCHLIGHT REFLECTORS
FOR THE **AIR CORPS** - COME
IN, ANCIL! MEET MR. WELLS!
WIZARD WELLS, ANCIL PORTNER!

BY THE WAY, GENTLEMEN, THIS
SABOTAGE BUSINESS MAY TIE
IN WITH THE **ATTEMPT** MADE
TO **SEND** MY CAR OVER THE
CLIFF! SOMEBODY ELSE MAY
HAVE **MISTAKEN** ME FOR
AN **ARMY INTELLIGENCE**
MAN!

I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR THE
FIEND WHO TRIED TO KILL
WELLS!

GO AHEAD, ANCIL!

THREE MINUTES LATER

B-O-O-O

WHAT'S
THAT?

THEY'VE **DYNAMITED** THE
RIVER BANK! WE'LL BE
FLOODED OUT!

IF THE **WATER**
REACHES THOSE
HOT GLASS
REFLECTORS
THEY'RE GONE!

THROUGH A HOLE IN THE
ROCKY RIVER BANK A 3
FOOT STREAM OF WATER
GUSHES INTO THE VALLEY.

LET'S **SEE** THOSE MIRRORS,
CORNER!

THEY'RE ON
THE **FIRST**
FLOOR!

MEANWHILE THE WATER
RISES AROUND THE FACTORY

NO **TIME** TO BUILD A
LEVEE TO KEEP THE
WATER OUT! GOT
ANY DYNAMITE?
I COULD BLAST
OUT ONE SIDE OF
THIS HOLLOW!

NO
DYNAMITE,
WELLS!

THERE'S ONE OTHER CHANCE,
IF THERE'S ANY **BIG**
PIPE AROUND!

PLENTY OF
CLAY SEWER
PIPE.

THERE'S ENOUGH **FALL!**
GET THAT PIPE HERE
FAST!

I'D **FEEL** BETTER IF I HAD
A **GUN!** THERE'S ONE IN
MY CAR!

NO TIME TO GET
TO YOUR **ROAD-**
STER NOW, **WELLS!**
THE WATER'S
RISING **FAST!**

AND 5 MINUTES LATER
TRUCKS BEGIN DROPPING
OFF SECTIONS OF HUGE PIPE

UNDER WELLS'S DIRECTION IT
IS LAID OVER THE HILL AND
FILLED WITH WATER

WATER'S 4 FEET FROM THE
ARMY GLASS, MR. CORNER-

MEANWHILE, THE THREATENING
RISE OF THE WATER CONTINUES

THIS END'S UNDER WATER!
UNCAP BOTH ENDS!

**GREAT GUNS, A GIANT
SIPHON!***

**IT'S WORKING! THE
WATER'S STOPPED RISING!
THE GLASS IS SAFE!**

*** A SIPHON CAN
LIFT WATER OVER A 32
FOOT BARRIER**

**WHO FIRED THAT
SHOT?**

CRACK!

ZING

THERE HE GOES!

STOP!

**LOOKS
LIKE I'VE LOST
HIM!**

**I'D BETTER WATCH THAT
SIPHON! IT'S
VULNERABLE!**

**TIME PASSES, AND FROM HIS
HIDING PLACE WELLS STANDS
GUARD**

**LOOKS LIKE I WAS WRONG --
WHAT'S THAT?**

**A MENACING FIGURE STEALS
UP TO THE SIPHON**

A SLEDGE HAMMER RISES --

**WELLS' FLYING TACKLE
UPSETS THE SABOTEUR!**

STOP!

THE STONE WELLS THROWS
KNOCKS THE GUN FROM
THE SABOTEUR'S HAND

WITH WELLS IN PURSUIT
HE RUNS ALONG THE EDGE
OF THE NEWLY FORMED
LAKE, HE TRIPS!

THE SUCTION OF THE GIANT SIPHON
DRAGS THE SABOTEUR INTO THE PIPE

WELLS! SHOTS! I HEARD
THEM! WHAT HAPPENED?

YOUR SABOTEUR
JUST TRIED TO
SMASH THE
SIPHON!

WHERE IS HE?

IN THAT PIPE!
HE MAY BE ALIVE
WHEN HE COMES
OUT THE OTHER
END. COME ON!

THERE HE IS!

WHO IS IT?

PORTNER!

FIVE MINUTES LATER AT THE
FAR END OF THE SIPHON

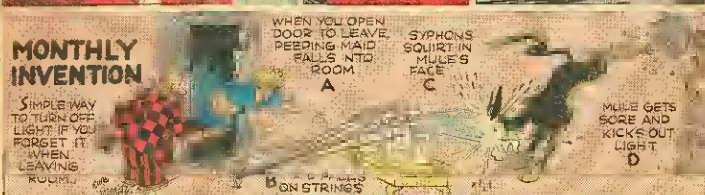
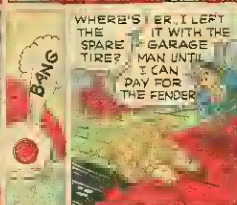
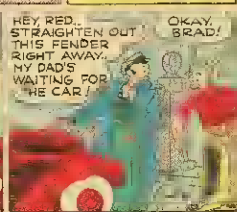
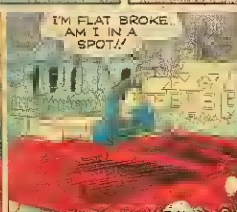
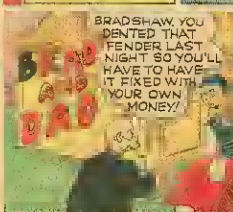
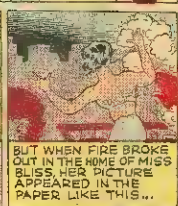
PORTNER?

YES! AND HE'S
BEYOND ANY
POWER OF
OURS TO
PUNISH
HIM!

I KNEW IT WAS PORTNER WHO
FIRED ON MY CAR. I DIDN'T
MENTION "ROADSTER" YET HE
KNEW I WAS DRIVING ONE. HE
SAW IT WHEN HE FIRED AT
MY TIRE! THUS, HE WAS THE
LOGICAL SUSPECT AS
OUR SABOTEUR!

BUT
WHY?

BECAUSE I SUSPECT
PORTNER WASN'T HIS
NAME! TRY SPELLING
PORTNER BACKWARDS, AND
YOU GET RENTROP, A NAME
COMMON IN THE AXIS
COUNTRIES!



The RED TORPEDO

BY
Drew
Allen

FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY HAS BUILT A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT. . . . MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS HE SAILS THE SEAS, RIGHTING WRONGS, PUNISHING THE GUILTY. A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP, FOR MONTHS, HE HAS BEEN IN THE NORTH SEA, HELPING BRITAIN TO FR. . . . INVASION. BUT NOW...

"I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO IN THE FAR EAST FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!"

ONE DAY A FEW WEEKS LATER NEAR THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

AS THE TORPEDO WATCHES, AN ORIENTAL PLANE APPEARS.

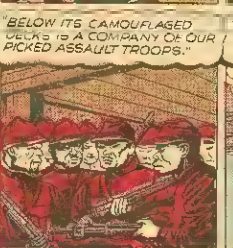
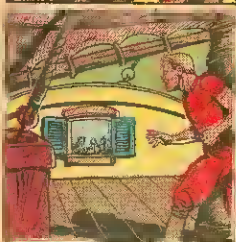
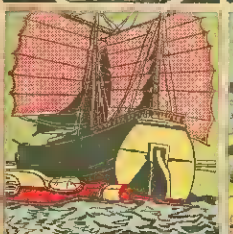
THAT'S A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CRAFT!

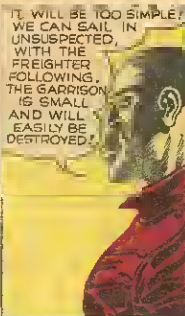
HERE COMES THE PLANE STAND BY TO PICK UP INSTRUCTIONS!

THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN AND DROPS SOMETHING

GOSH! THAT WASN'T A BOMB AFTER ALL... I WONDER WHAT'S UP?

AND HERE IS WHAT THE RED TORPEDO'S GLASS REVEALS.

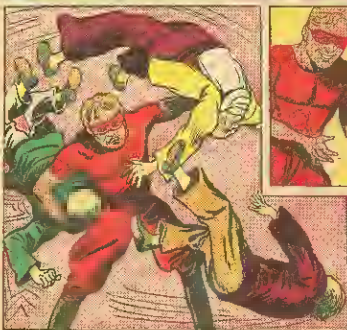




QUIETLY THE RED TORPEDO STEALS AROUND TO THE CABIN DOOR.



AND THEN REAL TROUBLE FOR THE LITTLE MEN BEGINS...



ONCE MORE IN HIS SECRETCRAFT
THE TORPECO STARTS TO WORK.



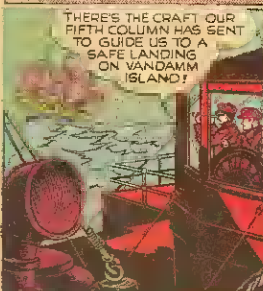
HE DIVES FAR BELOW THE JUNK



AND ATTACHES HIMSELF TO
ITS HUGE KEEL.



THEN HE HEADS FOR THE WAITING
FREIGHTER.

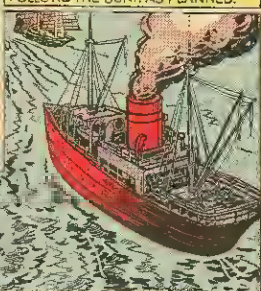


THERE'S THE CRAFT OUR
FIFTH COLUMN HAS SENT
TO GUIDE US TO A
SAFE LANDING
ON VANDAMM
ISLAND!

THE MARINE O-SCOPE
REVEALS HIS PREY.



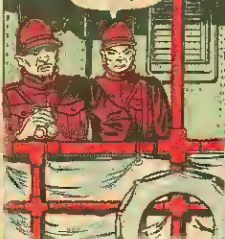
UNSUSPECTING, THE FREIGHTER
FOLLOWS THE JUNK AS PLANNED.



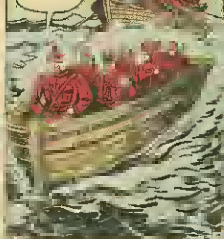
I KNOW JUST
THE ISLAND FOR
THEM, AND IT'S
NOT VANDAMM!

AND SO, THE RED TORPECO LEADS HIS FOES ASTRAY.

WE'LL ANCHOR HERE...GET
THE MEN INTO THE
SHIP'S SMALL
BOATS!



THE BEACH IS
DESERTED.
THAT'S
GOOD!



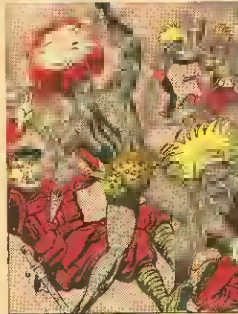
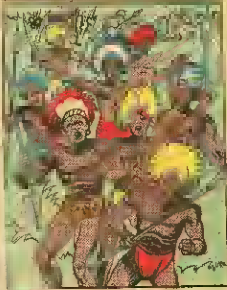
BUT THIS BEACH IS FAR FROM
DESERTED. FIERCE EYES ARE
WATCHING.



AND SWIFT FEET RUN TO
AROUSE A SAVAGE PEOPLE.



WHO RUSH FORTH TO MEET
THE HATED INVADER.



BACK TO THE
FREIGHTER!
WE HAVE BEEN
BETRAYED!



BUT THERE IS NO
FREIGHTER NOW
TO GO BACK TO..

THE TREACHEROUS
ATTACK ENDS IN DISASTER...



THE TORPEDO LEAVES HIS
CRAFT TO GIVE THE BOYS A
FLEW.



IT LOOKS
LIKE I CAN
FIND A LOT
TO DO FOR
DEMOCRACY
AROUND
HERE!

JANE ARDEN

JANE
I WANT
YOU TO
MEET
NUMBER
SEVEN!

I CAUGHT
THE FIRST
TRAIN FOR
WASHINGTON
CHIEF.
WHAT'S
UP?



HE IS
HEAD OF A
VERY
SECRET
GOVERN-
MENT
SERVICE. HE
WANTS TO USE
YOU. IT IS VERY
DANGEROUS
WORK!



I'M NOT
AFRAID,
BUT WHAT
SORT OF
WORK?

THE JOB
IS TO
STAMP
OUT SPIES
THAT
INFEST
THE
CAPITOL!!

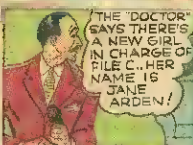


WHEN
DO I
START?

RIGHT
NOW!
YOUR NUMBER
IS 32...
HERE'S
OUR
PLAN...



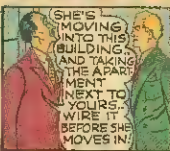
A NEW
GIRL??
WE'LL
WATCH
HER..



THE "DOCTOR"
SAYS THERE'S
A NEW GIRL
IN CHARGE OF
FILE C.. HER
NAME IS
JANE
ARDEN!



FILE C?.. THAT'S WHERE
THE RADIO
PLANE PLANS
ARE.. WHAT
A BREAK!



SHE'S
MOVING
INTO THIS
BUILDING..
AND TAKING
THE APART-
MENT
NEXT TO
YOURS..
WIRE IT
BEFORE SHE
MOVES IN!



THANKS

I'M
MR ROBECK
THE SUPER-
INTENDENT..
I'LL SHOW
YOU YOUR
APART-
MENT!



THESE
ROOMS
ARE
RENTED
NOW..
MR.
NEWTON.
I LET MR.
NEWTON
USE THESE
ROOMS FOR
A PARTY!

I WAS
TIDYING
UP A
BIT..

IT
SEEMS
QUITE NICE



I DREAMT BOUT FISH
TAGAIN, SAL
LOOKS LIKE I'M
SURE GOIN' TBE
RICH!

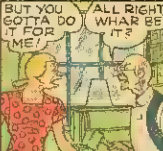
IT'S
A SIGN
THAT
NEVER
FAILS!



THEN I'M GOING
TDO LOTS OF SHOPP-
ING.. NO USE
IN ME DOING
WITHOUT.
TANY LONGER!



I WANT TO
OPEN A CHARGE
ACCOUNT..
GO AHEAD
OPEN IT..
I'D LIKE
T SEE
WHAT'S
UNIT?



BUT YOU
GOTTA DO
IT FOR
ME!

ALL RIGHT,
WHAR BE
IT?



LISTEN! I
WANT TO
BUY SOME-
THIN WITH-
OUT PAYIN'

TRYIN'
TO KID
ME
EH?



I'LL PAY
AS SOON
AS I GET
MY MONEY!

AN' I'LL
SELL AS
SOON AS
I GET
MINE

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

OH THAT'S ALRIGHT!

by Martin Gurnall and David L. Ross

ERIC NEWTON, A FOREIGN SECRET AGENT, WAS HIRING JANE'S NEW APARTMENT WHEN SHE ARRIVED.



THIS APARTMENT WAS VERY CONVENIENT FOR PARTIES. I'M SORRY I INTERRUPTED.



A FINE LAD, MISS ARDEN.

HE SEEMED NICE!



BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE? DID HE TELL ME THE REAL REASON?



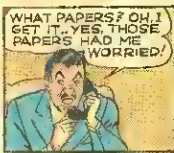
A DICTOGRAPH FROM HIS APARTMENT!

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL FOOL HIM!

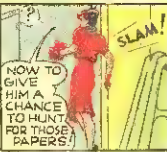


THIS IS JANE ARDEN. YES, I BROUGHT THE PAPERS HOME.

DON'T WORRY. THEY'RE UNDER THE MATTRESS!

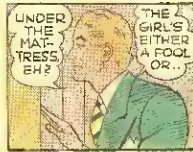


WHAT PAPERS? OH, I GET IT...YES, THOSE PAPERS HAD ME WORRIED!



SLAM!

NOW TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO HUNT FOR THOSE PAPERS!



UNDER THE MATTRESS, EH?

THE GIRL'S EITHER A FOOL OR...

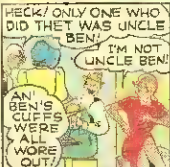


LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, MR. NEWTON?

?



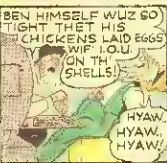
I NEVER HEARD SHE' OF A STORE MEANS HAVIN' NO ON TH' CUFF! CHARGE ACCOUNTS!



HECK! ONLY ONE WHO DID THAT WAS UNCLE BEN!

I'M NOT UNCLE BEN!

AN' BEN'S CUFFS WERE ALL WORE OUT!



BEN HIMSELF WUZ SO TIGHT THET HIS CHICKENS LAID EGGS WIF I.O.U. (ON TH' SHELLS)

HYAW, HYAW, HYAW.

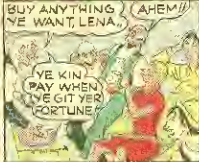


DO I GET LISTEN, HEN-CREDIT THUSSY... OR DON'T I?

JUST A MINUTE, LEM...



DIN'T YE HEAR, LENA'S DREAMT 'BOUT FISH! HOW WUZ I T'KNOW FISH?



BUY ANYTHING YE WANT, LENA.

YE KIN PAY WHEN I'VE GIT YER FORTUNE!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Maura Harcourt and Bill Bass

WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN YOUR SEARCHING MY ROOM, MR. NEWTON!

BROUGHT IT HOME AGAINST ORDERS.

ER YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF FILE C. YOU

HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?

I'M AN AGENT FROM YOUR OFFICE. WERE THEY THE RADIO PLANE PLANS?

I ONLY BROUGHT HOME THIS CORRESPONDENCE FILE TO WORK ON!

OH ER... CORRESPONDENCE... I SEE

I THOUGHT I WAS TRUSTED. INSTEAD I'M FOLLOWED AND WATCHED BY MY OWN OFFICE

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T INTEND FOR YOU TO KNOW. BUT REMEMBER, I'M GUARDING YOU TOO!

GUARDING ME? WHY?

ENEMY AGENTS WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR FILE C!

IF THAT DON'T WORK THEY MIGHT TRY VIOLENCE

WE PLAY A FOOL'S GAME!

THE SECRET WE GUARD CAN EARN US OUR FORTUNE OR COST US OUR LIVES!

SO YOUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT I DON'T SELL THE PLANS

-AND TO PROTECT YOU... I'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR!

THANKS. IT'S A GOOD THING TO KNOW!

I AIN'T THROUGH YET, BUT WE CAN'T CARRY ANYMORE!

I'LL GET SOME KIDS T'HELP TOTE YER BUNDLES!

ALRIGHT THEN, GIVE ME 'BOUT A BUSHEL OF THEM GUM DROPS, MONEY

JIST LIKE RICH FOLKS THROWIN' AWAY

HUSH YER MOUTH, I'M A-AMIN' T'HELP EAT THIS GRUB!

AN' PEANUTS. I WANT 'BOUT A PECK OF THEM.. AN.

HOL' ON THAR...

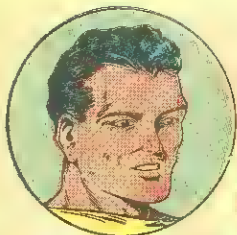
HAVE A GOOD DAY OF CREDIT!

NAW.. I JIST RUN OUTTA KIDS!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE







Alias the SPIDER

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

BARON KARLYON ERNST, ESCAPING FROM THE GERMAN GESTAPO, REACHES AMERICA, WHERE HE IS NOW IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS LAWYER..

YES, SHILLER, MY ENTIRE FORTUNE IS GONE!



ALL I HAVE LEFT IS THE COLLECTION OF JEWELS I MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITH! THEY'RE IN A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT IN THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET!



THEY'RE WORTH SEVERAL MILLIONS AND I WANT YOU TO DISPOSE OF THEM!



A PACKAGE JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU, SIR!

THANK YOU ROGER!



CAREFUL... IT MIGHT BE A...

HO HO! THE GESTAPO WANTS ME ALIVE. NOT DEAD! OTHERWISE THEY WOULD HAVE DONE AWAY WITH ME LONG AGO!



PLEASANT DREAMS, BARON!



YEAH, COMMISSIONER.. BOTH OF 'EM BLOWN TO BITS! YEAH, YEAH, NOT A CLUE! SURE I KNOW WHO IT WAS.. THEY'VE FOLLOWED HIM OVER THE WORLD.. SURE.. BUT PROVING IT IS ANOTHER THING!



PACK UP, BOYS. THIS IS A CASE FOR THE ESPIONAGE AGENTS!

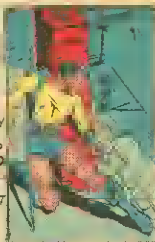


B-16 SPEAKING. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF..

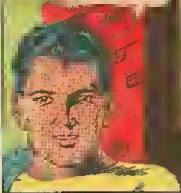


THAT
NIGHT
THE
SINISTER
FIGURE
OF THE
SPIDER
CREEPS
CAUTIOUSLY
ON THE
ROOFTOP
OF THE OLD

IN WHICH
VONERNST
WAS
KILLED..



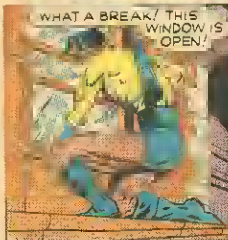
ATTA BOY OFFICER...
TAKE A WALK AROUND
THE CORNER!



SO THERE WASN'T
A SINGLE CLUE
IN THE HOUSE
EH? WE'LL SEE



WHAT A BREAK! THIS
WINDOW IS
OPEN!



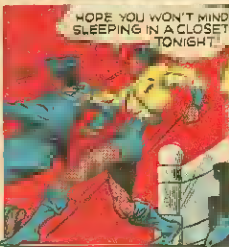
I'M GLAD I
GOT THROUGH
THERE
UNHEARD!



OH, OH, A
POLICEMAN
ON DUTY!



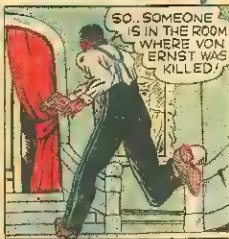
HOPE YOU WON'T MIND
SLEEPING IN A CLOSET
TONIGHT!



UNKNOWN TO THE SPIDER, THE
BUTLER IS ATTRACTED BY THE
RUMPLUS IN THE HALL!

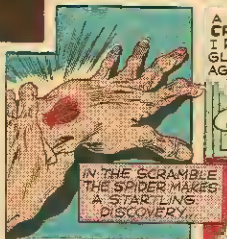
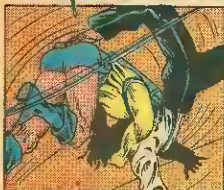


SO.. SOMEONE
IS IN THE ROOM
WHERE VON
ERNST WAS
KILLED!



RAISE YOUR
HANDS..AND
REMAIN
WHERE
YOU
ARE



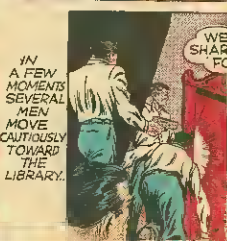
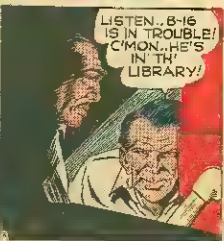
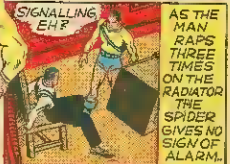
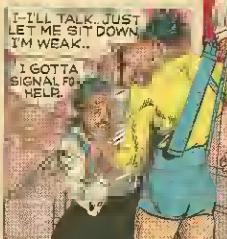


A MEMBER OF THE CRICKETS EH? I THOUGHT I PUT AN END TO YOU GUYS A LONG TIME AGO! C'MON, BUD... START TALKING!

N-NO!

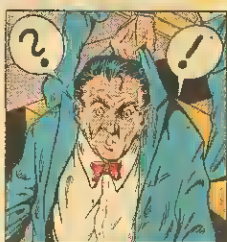
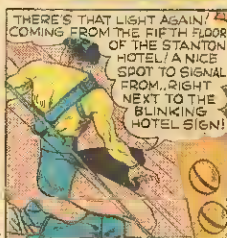
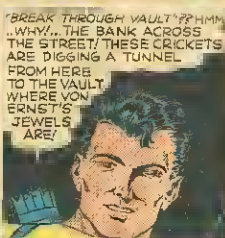
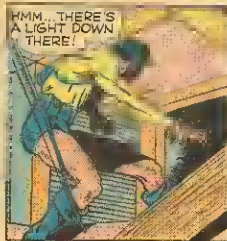


GUHH..OH
AGHHH!



THE GLITTERING KNIFE STRIKES
A SHADOWY FORM HOLDING
A BOW, BUT...







AND WHEN THE SPIDER EMERGES FROM THE TUNNEL...



THIS IS JUST SO YOU WON'T DECIDE TO LEAVE, RATS!



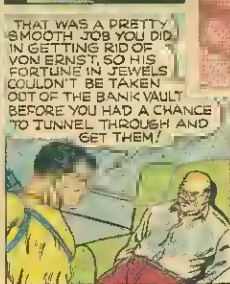
IN NO TIME AT ALL THE SPIDER IS ACROSS THE STREET AND ABOUT TO ENTER THE SIGNAL WINDOW.



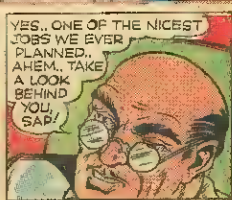
AH, MR. SPIDER! I WAS TOLD YOU WERE COMING HERE!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE BIG CRICKET HIMSELF!



THAT WAS A PRETTY SMOOTH JOB YOU DID IN GETTING RID OF VON ERNST, SO HIS FORTUNE IN JEWELS COULDN'T BE TAKEN OUT OF THE BANK VAULT BEFORE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO TUNNEL THROUGH AND GET THEM!



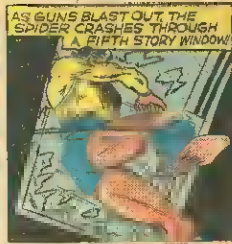
YES.. ONE OF THE NICEST JOBS WE EVER PLANNED.. AH.. TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU, SAPI!



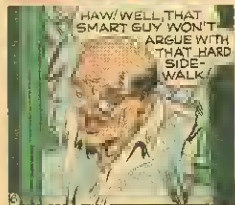
TRAPPED, EH? WELL, CRICKET, WE'RE EVEN.. YOUR MEN IN VON ERNST'S HOUSE ARE TRAPPED TOO! YOU SEE, I NOTIFIED THE POLICE BEFORE I CAME UP HERE!



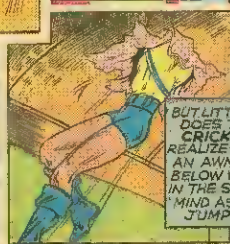
WHY, YOU... A MILLION IN ROCKS GONE, EH? OKAY, SPIDER, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



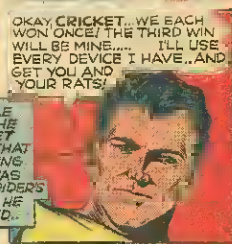
AS GUNS BLAST OUT, THE SPIDER CRASHES THROUGH A FIFTH STORY WINDOW!



HAW! WELL THAT SMART GUY WON'T ARGUE WITH THAT HARD SIDE-WALK!



BUT LITTLE DOES THE CRICKET REALIZE THAT AN AWNING BELOW WAS IN THE SPIDER'S MIND AS HE JUMPED..



OKAY, CRICKET... WE EACH WON ONCE! THE THIRD WIN WILL BE MINE... I'LL USE EVERY DEVICE I HAVE.. AND GET YOU AND YOUR RATS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. M. DEFEW

I'M SORRY,
BUT WE CAN'T -

CORRECTION -
WE CAN! WE'LL
HAVE ONE OF
THEM FOR
YOU, SIR!

PERSONAL
SERVICE
DEPT.

NED, YOU KNOW WE'D
NEVER BE ABLE TO
SUPPLY A CIGAR
STORE INDIAN!

BUD, I
BELIEVE I'VE
GOT AN
IDEA!

WHY NOT USE
A REAL INDIAN,
WOLF, FOR
EXAMPLE?

OF ALL THE -
SAY! YOU
REALLY DID
HAVE AN
IDEA!

SAY
YOU'RE JAKE,
CARTER COLLEGE
TRAINER, AREN'T
YOU?

RIGHT, STRANGER,
THAT'S ME FROM
HEAD TO FOOT

I KEEP
THE BOYS
IN SHAPE
FOR THEIR
TOUGH GAMES

YES, I'VE
GLB-BFURG-HRLB!

YES SIR -
IF THE
TRUTH WERE
KNOWN, THE
CREDIT FOR
MANY A VICTORY
MIGHT WELL
GO TO ME

IS
THAT SO?

KEEP
A GOOD
LEVEL
HEAD AT
ALL TIMES,
I SAY

YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
RRLB-GLUB-
PLUG!!

MAYBE THIS WILL
LEVEL THAT THICK
HEAD OF YOURS
OFF A BIT!

HEY -
WHAT?

WHAT
ARE YOU -
A MANIAC?

WHY -
YOU -
YOU!

NOW BE MOVING ON,
THE BOTH OF YOU, BEFORE
I RUN YOU IN FOR DISTURBING
THE PEACE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEFEW

WHAT A DAY!
LET'S
DRESS
AND TAKE
A WALK

GOOD IDEA, NED—
COME ON, JAKE—LET'S
HUNT UP SOME
EXCITEMENT!

I FEEL AS STRONG AS A BULL!
REMINDS ME OF MY OLD
FIGHTING DAYS!

THEY TELL ME
YOU COULDN'T LICK
THE FLAP OF AN
ENVELOPE, JAKE

WELL, HERE COMES GAIL DONALDSON—
YOU GUYS
GO ON
AHEAD

KEEP HER
BACK QUITE A
DISTANCE, NED—
HAVE A PLAN

IF THIS IS A HUNGER
MARCH, I'LL JOIN
IT—I'M STARVED!

I'LL STOP AND
GET YOU A LOAF
OF BREAD—BUT
FIRST LET'S SEE
WHAT BUD HAS
UP HIS SLEEVE

I WON '76
CONSECUTIVE
FIGHTS—75 BY
KNOCKOUTS!

BUT
THOSE DAYS
ARE GONE—
RIGHT NOW
YOU'RE ALL
WASHED UP LIKE
THE BREAKFAST
DISHES

I'M AS GOOD AS EVER!
I FEEL LIKE A TOUGH
FIGHT RIGHT
NOW!

SO YOU
FEEL LIKE
A FIGHT,
EH?

SAY, IF WE DON'T EAT
PRETTY SOON, I'M GOING
TO START KNOCKING
AT BACK DOORS

BUD JUST
GAVE ME THE
HIGH SIGN—HE'S
UP TO SOMETHING

LISTEN—YOU'VE GOT THE UGLIEST
MUG I'VE SEEN FOR MANY A DAY—
AND I'VE SEEN SOME HORRIBLE
MAPS IN MY TIME!

WHY—YOU—
YOU!

THERE
YOU ARE,
JAKE!

HE'S A MENTAL
CASE—IN HIS
DOCTOR—PAY
NO ATTENTION
TO HIM!

IT'S A
LUCKY THING
FOR YOU,
PUMPKIN PUSS!

AND LET
THIS BE A
LESSON
TO YOU!

SAY, YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, PAL!

YOU
SURE TOLD
HIM OFF,
JAKE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. OERLIK

BEAT CARTER!

BEAT CARTER!!

BEAT CARTER!!!

COME ON, BUXTON!

IT'S BUXTON LEADING 24 TO 21 IN THE CLOSING SECONDS OF PLAY. CARTER GETS THE TIEOFF—IT'S BRANT TO BLUDGEON—TO SHELKES—TO SHELKES—HE DUBBLES IN FAST—HE SHOOTS—HE SCORES!

STAX

IN YOU GO—AND HURRY! CALL TIME OUT AND WARN THE MEN ABOUT THE PLAY I JUST DESCRIBED!

WE'LL BREAK IT UP, COACH!

CARTER GOES INTO A SORT OF FOOTBALL FORMATION—THEN BRANT PASSES WAY BACK TO SHELKES WHO SHOOTS THE BALL THE FULL LENGTH OF THE COURT TO BRANT, WHO HAS FADED DOWN THERE UNNOTICED

HERE IT COMES!

SAME PLAY THEY USED AGAINST TAMARACK!

I'LL TAKE SHELKES—YOU TAKE BRANT!

HERE'S WHERE HE PASSES TO SHELKES!

STICK TO BRANT'S HEELS—EVEN IF HE GOES TO THE MOVIES!

NOT VERY SMART OF CARTER TO TRY A PLAY THAT HAS BEEN SCOUTED BY BUXTON AND EVERY BIGEIGHT SCHOOL!

LOOK! IT ISN'T THE SAME PLAY—COACH BRANT HAS FOOLED EVERYONE BY ADDING A NEW TWIST TO IT!

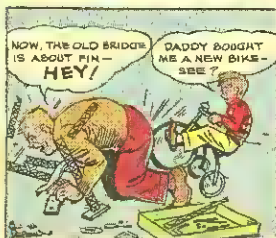
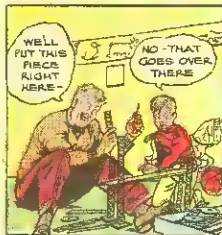
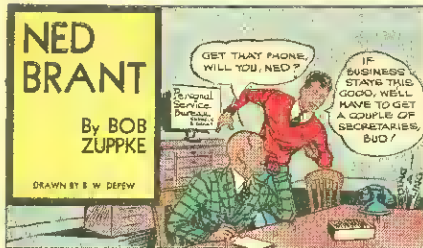
TO EVERYONE'S AMUSEMENT, PARTICULARLY THE BUXTON PLAYERS, NED BRANT INSTEAD OF PASSING BACK TO SHELKES, TAKES A LONG SHOT AT THE BASKET AS THREE TEAMMATES IN FRONT OF HIM DROP FLAT ON THEIR STOMACHS—

READY FOR THE CARTER STORY? OKAY—HERE IT IS—EXECUTING ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL PLAYS EVER SEEN IN BASKETBALL. CARTER COLLEGE SNATCHED A 25 TO 24 GAME FROM BUXTON IN THE LAST TWO SECONDS OF PLAY.

NED BRANT

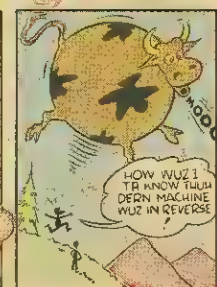
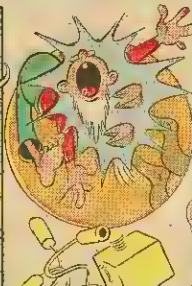
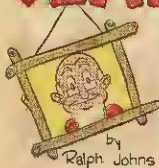
By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEFEEY



Ned Brant is continued in the April issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale February 28th.

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY



MADAM FATAL



FROM THE GROTESQUE
INTO THE
PEOPLE...
AND
BUT
HE'S



AT THE OF THE
YES ALL OF FATAL

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME,
DICK! HERE—WHAT DO
YOU MAKE OF THIS?
IT'S GOT MY WIFE
WORRIED SICK!



SO YOU
GOT THIS
IN THE MAIL,
EH?



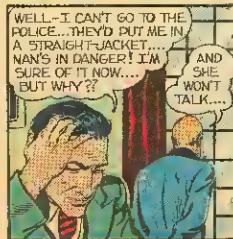
WHY—IT
LOOKS
LIKE A
CHILD'S
DRAWING,
TOM!

RIGHT, DICK! BUT
WHEN NAN SAW IT
SHE TURNED WHITE
AS A SHEET!
THERE'S SOMETHING
SINISTER ABOUT
IT!



NEXT
DAY

DICK! LOOK! TWO MORE OF
THOSE FOOLISH DRAWINGS!
ONE WAS NAILED TO THE
FRONT DOOR AND THE
OTHER THROWN IN THE
WINDOW... THEY'RE
DRIVING ME BATTY!



WELL—I CAN'T GO TO THE
POLICE...THEY'D PUT ME IN
A STRAIGHT-JACKET....
NAN'S IN DANGER! I'M
SURE OF IT NOW....
BUT WHY??

AND
SHE
WON'T
TALK....



SINCE SHE WON'T GIVE
YOU ANY INFORMATION,
I'M GOING TO TRY
SOMETHING...HOPE
IT WORKS!

THAN—
DICK!



THAT NIGHT STANTON DONS HIS
DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL.....

NOW TO CALL ON TOM'S
WIFE - TOM PROMISED TO
COME HOME LATE....THAT'LL
GIVE ME TIME!!

GOOD EVENING
MADAM. I'M
SELLING....
OH-MY
HEAD! I-I
FEEL
FAINT

YOU POOR
LADY...COME
IN, QUICK!
I'LL MAKE
YOU SOME
HOT
TEA!

THANK YOU!
I WAS SO
TIRED....I'LL BE
GOING NOW-
IT'S LATE!

OH NO-
DON'T...NOT
YET! JUST
SIT HERE AND
TALK WITH ME...
I'VE BEEN
JITTERY
ALL DAY!

WHY-WHAT'S TROUBLING
YOU, CHILD?...MAYBE
I CAN HELP...NOW
TELL GRANNY
ALL ABOUT
IT!!

NO-
I
CAN'T...

SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRY
FROM TOM'S WIFE....

LOOK! ON THE
WINDOW....

GREAT
SCOTT-
WAIT!!
WHAT'S
THAT??

HE'S COME
TO GET ME...
OH---!!

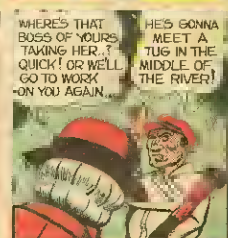
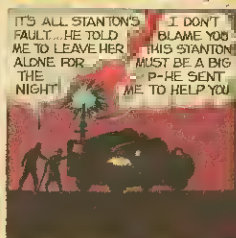
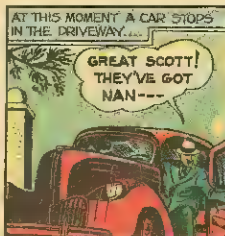
WONDER WHO THAT
BIRD IS... SHE
SEEMED TO KNOW
HIM....WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT!

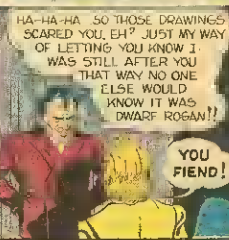
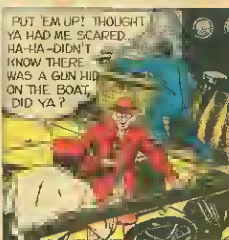
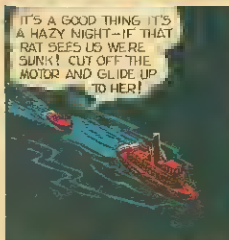
WHAT
TH-!

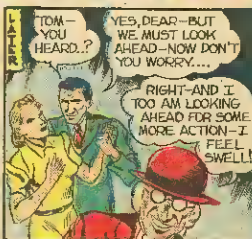
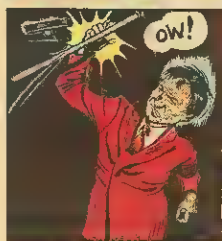
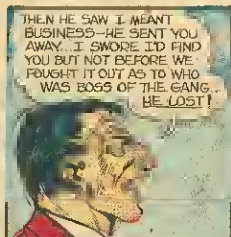
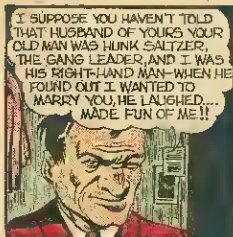
QUICK, BOYS--GRAB TH'
GIRL IN THE HOUSE....
SHE'S MINE! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE OLD LADY
HERE-HAHahaha!!

CALL ME OLD LADY,
EH? WHY- YOU
LITTLE RUNT. ...

CALL ME
A RUNT,
EH?







HOW TO TRAP A WARDEN

By Larry Spain



"Help! Help!"

The man's voice, enuched in agonized tempo, reached Eric Vale's ears. There was no wind, and in the dense forest trying to figure the direction from which the appeal came was difficult. Eric stood for a moment, pondering. Then he struck out.

Ten minutes of silent progress through the giant pines brought him to a small, turbulent stream that boiled down from the mountains to the north. He paused on the bank, mentally picturing the fat, eager trout lurking in those cold depths. Then a sound thudded into his ears, a man's harsh voice with a foreign pitch.

Eric hurried ahead. Whatever the altercation, someone was getting the worst of it. Of course, Eric reasoned, this was none of his business. He was up here in the Nova Scotia wilds getting in a couple weeks' deer hunting. It was seldom that he took time off for a vacation. His services were so in demand the world over solving dark intrigues and darker crimes.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "can't do any harm taking a look."

He stepped out into a small clearing and the whole tableau burst upon his vision. An old man lay on his back at the base of a tree. Standing a few paces off was a burly fellow clad in the uniform of a Dominion game warden. Labreau. Eric recognized him from the details he'd picked up here and there. A bad one, Labreau.

"Hello," called Eric. Labreau dropped his right hand. He had been examining his gnarled knuckles. The old man had a deep cut over one eye where Labreau had connected with him.

"What you want?" demanded the Frenchie gruffly.

"I heard a man yelling for help. What's the trouble?"

"None o' yo' business."

Eric smiled tolerantly and walked over to the injured man. "You hurt?" he asked, kneeling down and examining the cut. It was a bad one and blood welled from it. Eric went to the stream and soaked his handkerchief in water. Then he returned and, with the help of materials from his first-aid kit, did a creditable job of bandaging.

"Feel better?"

The old man grinned wryly. "Ain't nothin', son. I'll be all right." He got to his feet and started off. He halted at the edge of the timber. "Guess maybe I'll be meetin' up with him again." He turned then and vanished in the trees.

Labreau grinned evilly. "Crazy ole man. Him shootin' quail onto season. I got my duty to perform."

"Does that mean you have to slug people?"

Labreau grunted. "He got tough wit' me."

"So I see," said Eric. "By the way, when does the deer season end?"

"Fi' days."

"I'll have to hurry," Eric said breezily. "Haven't seen even a

doe since I've been up here." He moved off under the trees, leaving Labreau scowling after him.

A few days later, Eric stopped at one of the Mounted Police posts and had a chat with Inspector MacReigh. He mentioned having met Labreau.

The inspector growled. "Yeah, we've been trying to get something on him. Labreau is something of an enigma in these parts."

"You mean," Eric began, "that he . . ."

"We haven't anything on him," the inspector replied. "But we have reason to believe that he's robbing traplines . . . Of course, we've never got a line



on him, but we're keeping our eyes open."

Eric nodded. "When does the trapping season open?"

"Only a few days yrt. Why, are you . . ."

"No, no," laughed Eric. "You see, I'm on vacation this time, Inspector. No jobs."

"Of course," the inspector smiled. "But I'd wager a fever you'd forget all about vacation if something exciting developed."

When Eric Vale left the M. P. post, he struck out for the muskeg forty miles to the north and east. There, Inspector MacReigh had told him, he'd find plenty of deer. Well, that's what he'd come up here for. He amused

himself as his trusted northward on what the inspector had told him about Lahreau.

Tomorrow he'd arrive at Gateau's Landing, where he'd hire a canoe for the rest of the trek. After that . . .

"Hello!" muttered Eric suddenly. A shadowy figure burst from a clump of pines fifty yards off and darted into a trail leading to the left.

Eric halted with one foot poised. Lahreau! He hadn't seen Eric evidently. What was his game? Why the crafty movements? Eric followed the man quietly, determined to find out what the game warden was up to.

He soon found out. A short walk brought Eric to a clearing in the woods, in the center of which stood a log and shake cabin. Some trapper's quarters, of course. But what was Lahreau up to? The Freuchie had slipped around the cabin and was hurrying down the slope that led to a small stream in the rear. Eric followed, treading softly on the mat of pine needles.

Lahreau was heading over something near the edge of the water. He spent only a few moments, then he went on down stream. Concealing branches had prevented Eric from seeing just what had occasioned Lahreau's halt, but he had a good guess. When the warden was out of sight, Eric investigated. He found a trap with a bit of blood and fur clinging to the jaws. The story was plain: Lahreau had stolen some animal and re-set the trap.

"Thoughtful of the rascal," Eric said to himself. "Well, this is something laughable to report to the M. P. The only trouble is, I won't be able to back up his guilt . . ."

For three days Eric hunted in the muskeg and bagged a fine huck. He hired an Indian to tote his catch to the railhead, and left for the south. A mile below Gateau's Landing, as he strode along a wooded trail, he heard a commotion up ahead.

"Lahreau again! I wonder what he's up to this time?"

He heard a woman's voice mingled with that of an older man. He hastened forward. As he drew nearer the sounds he was careful to keep himself hidden. From the tangle of some heavy caribou weeds he



watched. A canoe was drawn up half out of the water of a stream. Beuding over it was Lahreau. He was cursing.

Up on the bank a tall, rangy man and a young girl were watching angrily.

"I tell you that huck was not shot after dark," the old man was saying. "If you can find a spotlight in my gear I'll eat it!"

"Ya," snarled Lahreau. He picked up the head of the huck and pointed to the hole exactly between its eyes. "So you say. I not believe. Yo' not shoot dat

Imrk at two hundred yards in head lak dat—'not in daytime. Ton much tree. Buck ou'y face yo' wen light hits eyes."

The girl's eyes blazed. "Listen, Mr. Warden," she said sarcastically, "the fact of the matter is, my father didn't shoot the huck. I did. At eight o'clock this morning."

Lahreau turned, grinning his dirty lie. "Yo' shoot beem! Hah! Dat's a laugh . . . yo' shoot beem!"

"Yes?" returned the girl. "Well, maybe you'd like to have me prove I can shoot."

Lahreau slapped his thigh. "Sure. I tell yo'." He walked to a tree some hundred and fifty yards distant and stuck his wrist watch up on the rough bark. "Mebbe yo' can hit dat, no?" he taunted.

"Easy," replied the girl. Picking up her rifle, she took a snap aim and fired. The watch flew into pieces and dropped to the ground. Lahreau let out a groan.

"You see," the girl's father said, "my daughter wasn't kidding. She shot the huck, all right. And for your information, Mr. Warden, my girl's champion shot of the Winslow Arms Co."

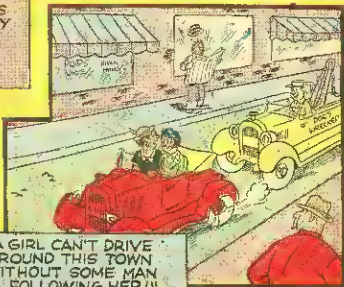
Eric Vale chuckled and headed for the M. P. post and a chat with Inspector MacReigh. A day later he and a mounted policeman caught Lahreau robbing a trap on the Rat River. It was the easiest job he had ever tackled, and it did him good to end the career of a man so low as to strike an old fellow, and, under the guise of his sworn duty, rob trappers of their rich catch.

ANOTHER ERIC VALE ADVENTURE
WHILE ROME BURNS
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE FEBRUARY 28TH

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



"WELL, IT'S
SATURDAY
NIGHT,
AIN'T
IT?"



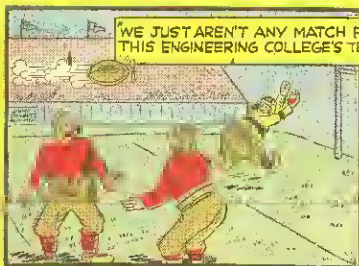
"A GIRL CAN'T DRIVE
AROUND THIS TOWN
WITHOUT SOME MAN
FOLLOWING HER!"



"THIS IS A
TERRIBLE
CORNER...
I'M SURE
SORRY I
SOLD THOSE
WHEELS!"



"WELL, I SEE
YOU'RE
STILL ON
RELIEF!"



"WE JUST AREN'T ANY MATCH FOR
THIS ENGINEERING COLLEGE'S TEAM!"



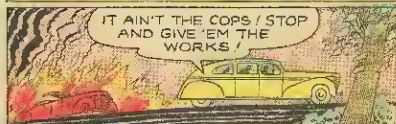
"HAVE YOU SEEN
MY BETTER HALF?"



SABOTAGE! A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION- AND ANOTHER MUNITIONS FACTORY IS WIPE OUT.

TOR, WHO IS REALLY JIMMY BLADE THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, WATCHES FOR AN INCIDENT REPORTED AT OTHER EXPLOSIONS. STRANGE FIGURES DRAG PLUNDER FROM THE SMOLDERING RUINS AND FLEE!

TOR CHASES A SUSPICIOUS CAR LEAVING THE CONFLAGRATION. SUDDENLY THE CAR STOPS



A MAGICAL GESTURE BY TOR RENDERS USELESS THE GUNS POINTED AT HIM!



BEHIND THIS FAKE ROBBERY LIES A DEEPER MYSTERY WHICH TOR MUST SOLVE

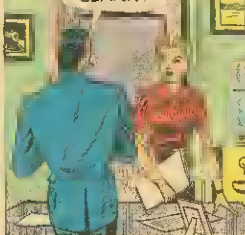
BACK AT SLADE'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE -

LOOK, JIM -
ANOTHER MUNITIONS
PLANT DESTROYED,
SAFES FULL OF
MONEY AND GOVERN-
MENT SECRETS
STOLEN -

THERE MUST
BE OTHER
ANGLES, LUCY.
J. P. DUMONT,
HEAD OF
"TRIGGER
MUNITIONS" IS
MISSING!



I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND
TOWN AND I WANT YOU TO GO
TO ALTAMONT WHERE THE
TRIGGER CO. IS LOCATED.
SEE WHAT YOU CAN
LEARN!



ALONE IN HIS APART-
MENT, JIM SLADE
PUTS ON HIS MOUS-
TACHE AND ONCE
AGAIN BECOMES
TOR THE MAGICIAN.



**TOR QUIETLY ENTERS THE
DUMONT MANSION...**



**AND GOES TO THE MILLION-
AIRE'S PRIVATE STUDY -**



**UNSEEN HANDS LOCK THE
DOOR BEHIND THE MAGICIAN
...TOR IS TRAPPED!**



AT THE RING OF DUMONT'S
TELEPHONE, TOR REALIZES HE
IS TO HEAR FROM THE MASTER-
MIND WHO TRAPPED HIM...



I AM SCHNEIDER
POLEKAT. I KILLED
DUMONT A MONTH
AGO AND HAVE
WAITED TO GET YOU,
TOR. MY BOYS WILL
TAKE CARE OF YOU-
HEH, HAW,
HA HA...



**AS POLEKAT SPEAKS, FLAMES
BURST FROM THE MANSION!**



AS HE TRIES TO ESCAPE BY THE WINDOW...



TOR COMES FACE TO FACE WITH POLEKAT'S MEN - THE SAME WEIRD FIGURES SEEN AT THE MUNITIONS EXPLOSIONS ??



GLARING AT THEM WITH HYPNOTIC EYES THE MAGICIAN QUICKLY CONTROLS THEIR MINDS !



YOU FIENDS-TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I DIED IN THE FLAMES !

AND AS THE HOUSE GOES UP IN SMOKE, TOR DISAPPEARS -



C'MON BOYS, WE GOTTA TELL POLEKAT TOR'S DEAD !



WHILE IN AN ALTAMONT HOTEL, LUCY RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALLER -

MISS LUCY STONE ? I'M SCHNEIDER POLEKAT. IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY FOR YOUR PAPER - ABOUT THE TRIGGER COMPANY !



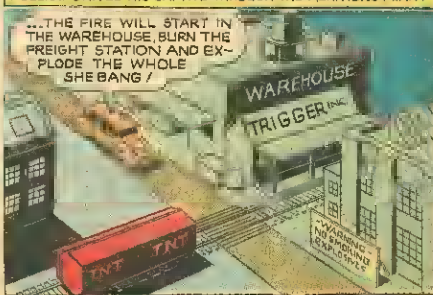
YOUR NEWSRAG HAS BEEN TOO NOSEY ABOUT THE EXPLOSIONS - I FOLLOWED YOU HERE MYSELF !

NO NOISE, SISTER-GET IN !



POLEKAT DRIVES HIS CAPTIVE THROUGH THE MUNITIONS PLANT

...THE FIRE WILL START IN THE WAREHOUSE, BURN THE FREIGHT STATION AND EXPLODE THE WHOLE SHE BANG !



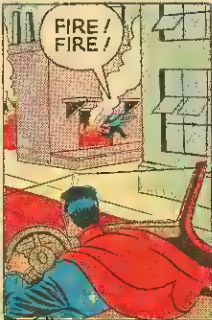
THE WATER TANK IS FILLED WITH OIL - THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM WILL SPEED THE FIRE!



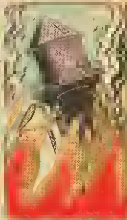
TOR ARRIVES IN ALAMONT TO FIND A FIRE ALREADY UNDER WAY



FIRE!
FIRE!



THE OIL-FILLED WATER TANK CRASHES DOWN GALLONS OF FUEL FOR THE HUNGRY FLAMES!



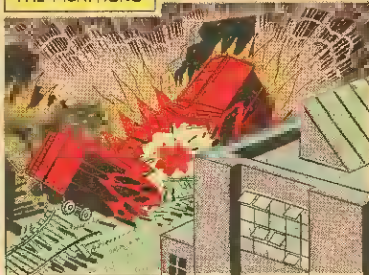
FINDING A FREIGHT CAR FULL OF TNT TOR COAXES IT UP TOWARD HIM -



GAINING MOMENTUM THE CAR SPEEDS FOR THE BURNING STATION!



ROLLING INTO THE FIRE THE TNT CAR BLASTS THE STATION, HURLING THE FLAMES BACK FROM THE MUNITIONS -



TOR DIVES INTO THE OPEN FOUNDATIONS OF THE FREIGHT STATION -



AND MEETS ROLEKAT'S MEN WAITING TO DO THEIR GHOULISH JOB. TOR RENDERS THEM HELPLESS BY A HYPNOTIC GESTURE.



WHOEVER HE WAS HE SURE FIXED THESE GUYS!

THERE HE GOES - BY THE STOREHOUSE!



SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE

TAKE ME TO
POLEKAT'S
HOUSE!



TAXI

25¢ FIRST ¼ MI.
10¢ EACH

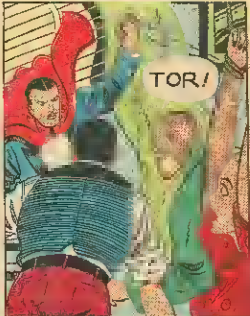
POLEKAT IS MEANWHILE TORTUR-
ING LUCY...

BETTER TELL ME HOW
YOUR PAPER GETS THOSE
PICTURES AND DOPE
ABOUT THE FIRES!

I TELL
YOU
I DON'T
KNOW!



TOR!



THE FLOOR BECOMES LIKE
GLUE, HOLDING POLEKAT
AND HIS HELPER FAST...



SHE'S
FAINTED!



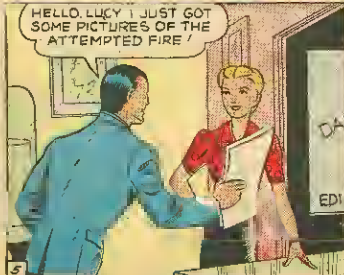
WITH SIRENS SHRIEKING
THE POLICE ARRIVE---

WE GOT 'EM ALL, BUT THAT
MAGICIAN DISAPPEARED! SOME-
BODY TAKE THAT NEWSPAPER
WOMAN TO THE HOTEL!



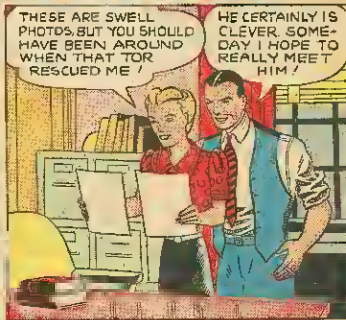
SHEDDING HIS MAGICIAN'S GARB, TOR
AGAIN BECOMES PLAIN JIMMY SLADE--

HELLO, LUCY! JUST GOT
SOME PICTURES OF THE
ATTEMPTED FIRE!



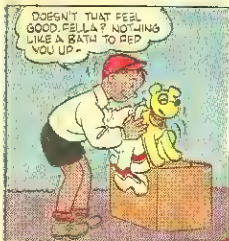
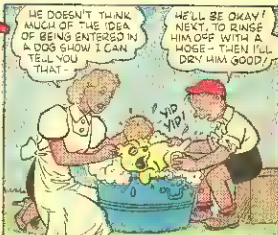
THESE ARE SWELL
PHOTOS, BUT YOU SHOULD
HAVE BEEN AROUND
WHEN THAT TOR
RESCUED ME!

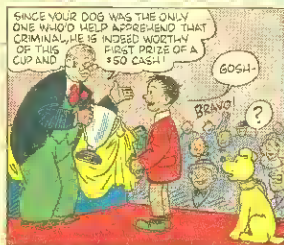
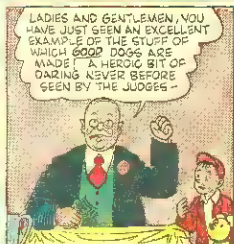
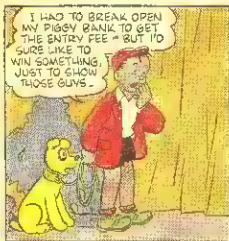
HE CERTAINLY IS
CLEVER. SOME-
DAY I HOPE TO
REALLY MEET
HIM!



Follow Tor, Magic Master, in the April issue of CRACK COMICS.

SNAPPY





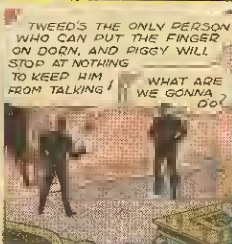
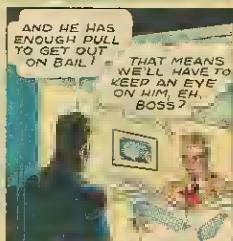
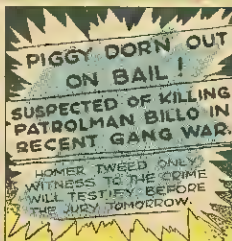
THE CLOCK

A STALWART CITIZEN
FACES A BROW-BEATING
THAT ALMOST ENDS HIS
LIFE-- BUT HE IS SAVED
BY THE QUICK-THINKING,
HARD-FIGHTING CLOCK
AND HIS ASSISTANT,
PUG BRADY--

by
**GEORGE
E.
BRENNER**



IN THE HOME OF BRIAN
O'BRIEN--ALIAS **THE CLOCK**



MEANWHILE IN THE WATER-
FRONT HIDE-OUT OF PIGGY DORN-

HOW DOES
IT FEEL TA
BE FREE,
PIGGY?

GREAT!

BUT I WON'T
BE FREE LONG IF
THAT MUG TWEED
SINGS TA TH' LAW!

THAT'S RIGHT,
WE BETTER
RUB HIM
OUT!

NO, YA
FOOL -

ONE KILLIN' HANGIN'
OVER ME IS ENOUGH!
WHAT YOU'LL DO IS BRING
HIM HERE AN' WE'LL SCARE
HIM INTO FORGETTIN' HE
EVER SAW ME -
GET GOIN', AN
NO SLID-UDS!

AT THE SAME TIME HOMER
TWEED IS ABOUT TO RETIRE -

11:30 - I THINK
I'LL TURN IN!

WHEN SUDDENLY --

STICK 'EM UP,
GUY - AN' NO
SQUAWKS!

W-WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

NEVER MIND,
COME QUIET
AN' VA WON'T
GET HURT!

I KNOW - YOU'RE GOING
TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE
TO KEEP ME FROM
TESTIFYING
AGAINST
DORN!

SHUT UP! WALK
OUT TO TH' CAR -
AN' NO TRICKS!

AS TWEED IS RUSHED INTO
THE CAR, THE CLOCK AND PUG
COME ON THE SCENE -

PUG - THEY'VE
GOT TWEED!

WE'RE
TOO LATE

LET'S OPEN
FIRE ON THEM -
WE CAN SAVE
HIM!

NO, DUG -
FOLLOW
THEM!

THE CHASE LEADS TO THE WATERFRONT~

THEY'RE STOPPING BOSS!

WE GOT HIM, BOYS~ YOU GUYS STAND GUARD

OKAY!

WE'VE GOT TO APPROACH FROM ANOTHER SIDE, PUG, THERE'S TOO MANY GUARDS, AND ANY RUMDUS WOULD MEAN A QUICK ENDING FOR TWEED!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

CLIMB UP ON THE ROOF!

AND INSIDE THE HIDE-OUT-

HELLO, TWEED!

DORN!!

I SEE YOU CAN IDENTIFY ME EASILY!

YES-I CAN!

WELL, IF YOU JUST FORGET WHAT I LOOK LIKE AN' TELL TH' JURY IT'S A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, THIS S GRAND IS YOURS AN' NOTHIN'LL HAPPEN TO YA!

YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO LIE!

WELL-- YES!

I WON'T DO IT! I'M ONE MAN YOUR FILTHY MONEY CAN'T BUY-

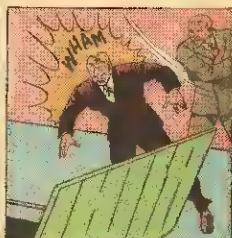
IT'S MY DUTY AS A CITIZEN TO HELP PUT YOU BEHIND BARS-AND NOTHING YOU DO OR SAY WILL CHANGE MY MIND!

I THINK HE MEANS IT, BOYS-- OPEN UP TH' TRAP!

MEANWHILE UP ON THE ROOF--

GEE, BOSS-- THAT TWEED GUY'S GOT NERVE!

YES, IF THERE WERE MORE CITIZENS LIKE HIM, THERE'D BE LESS CRIME!



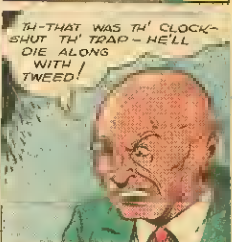
AND THE UNCONSCIOUS TWEED FALLS DOWN THE PIT TO THE BLACK WATER BELOW -



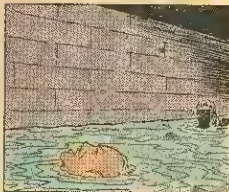
SUDDENLY A CRASH OF GLASS SPLITS THE AIR -



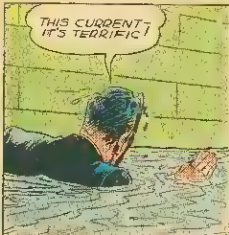
AND THE SURPRISED THUGS HAVE ONLY A GLIMPSE OF THE HURTLING FIGURE OF THE CLOCK.



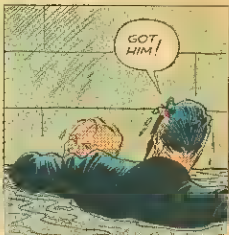
MEANWHILE THE CLOCK SPIES
THE UNCONSCIOUS TWEED -



THIS CURRENT -
IT'S TERRIFIC!



GOT
HIM!



SUDDENLY THE CLOCK AND
TWEED ARE SUCKED BENEATH
THE SURFACE OF THE WATER -



DESPERATELY HE STRUGGLES
AGAINST THE TREACHEROUS
CURRENT -



AND UP ABOVE, PUG FIGHTS
GALLANTLY AGAINST GREAT
ODDS -



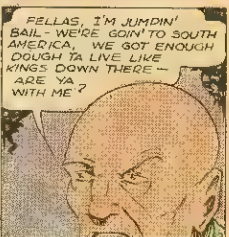
WHEN SUDDENLY A BLOW
FROM BEHIND SENDS HIM
INTO OBLIVION -



OKAY, BOYS - TOSS
HIM AFTER THE
OTHERS!



FELLAS, I'M JUMDIN'
BAIL - WE'RE GOIN' TO SOUTH
AMERICA, WE GOT ENOUGH
DOUGH TA LIVE LIKE
KINGS DOWN THERE -
ARE YA
WITH ME?



SURE - BUT TH' MINUTE
YOU BOOK PASSAGE, WELL
BE PICKED UP BY TH'
COPS!

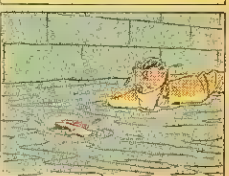


I KNOW THAT, SO
WE'RE GONNA TRY
AN' MAKE IT IN
TH' SPEED-BOAT!

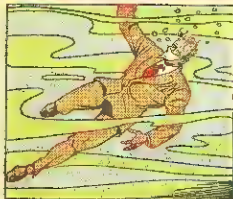


OKAY -
LET'S START!

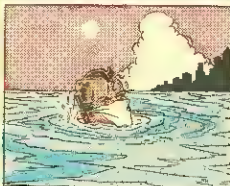
WHILE BELOW, THE SHOCK
OF HITTING THE WATER BRINGS
PUG TO, AND HE TOO BATTLES
THE FIERCE CURRENT - - -



BOSS ALSO SUCKED BENEATH
THE SURFACE



JUST AS HIS LUNGS SEEM
ABOUT TO BURST, HIS HEAD POPS
ABOVE THE WATER -

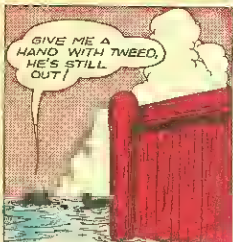


PUG!

BOSS-
YOU'RE
SAFE!



GIVE ME A
HAND WITH TWEEED,
HE'S STILL
OUT!

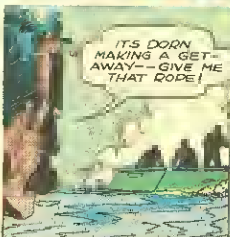


ONCE MORE ON DRY LAND,
THE CLOCK WORKS OVER THE
LIMP TWEEED -

BOSS-
LOOK!



IT'S DORN
MAKING A GET-
AWAY-- GIVE ME
THAT ROPE!



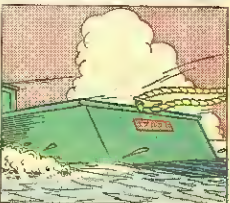
SNAKE-LIKE, THE ROPE STREAKS
THROUGH THE AIR



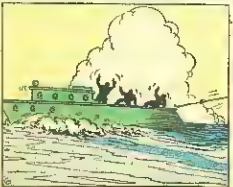
PUG, TIE THE
OTHER END OF
THIS ROPE TO
THAT PILE!



AND FINDS ITS MARK-



USING UP THE PLAY IN THE
ROPE, THE BOAT COMES TO A
SUDDEN STOP-



THROWING THE CROOKS INTO
THE WATER-



CUT THE ROPE, PUG -
THE MOTOR'S STILL RUNNING -
THE BOAT WILL HEAD
OUT TO SEA AND THEY'LL
HAVE TO SWIM
BACK
HERE!





MAKE FOR TH' BOAT, MEN!

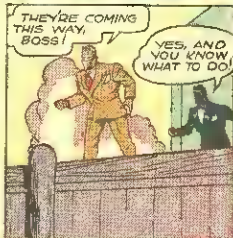


WHAT TH'??

IT'S GOIN' OFF WITHOUT US!



MAKE FOR TH' DOCKS - WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

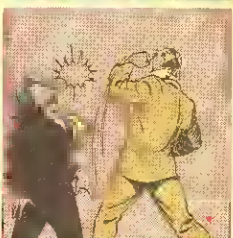


THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY, BOSS!

YES, AND YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



AND AS THE CROOKS COME UP ON THE BEACH, THE CLOCK AND PUG ARE ON THEM -

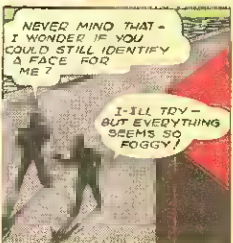


THAT'S THE LAST - TIE THEM UP, PUG, I'M GOING OVER TO TWEED!



WELL, TWEED, YOU CAME TO - AND NONE THE WORSE FOR YOUR HARROWING EXPERIENCE!

OH-HH - MY HEAD - BUT WHO ARE YOU?



NEVER MIND THAT - I WONDER IF YOU COULD STILL IDENTIFY A FACE FOR ME?

I-ILL TRY - BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS SO FOGGY!



DORN! AND THE TWO MEN WHO IDNAPPED ME!

GREAT - I THOUGHT THAT BLOW MIGHT HAVE AFFECTED YOUR MEMORY - BUT I SEE IT DIDN'T!

LATER...

DORN CONVICTED OF MURDER.
IDENTIFIED AS THUG WHO SHOT AND KILLED PATROLMAN BILLO IN GUN DUEL.

TWO OF DORN'S HENCHMEN GIVEN 20 YEARS FOR KIDNAPPING HOMER TWEED, THE STATE'S STAR WITNESS.

TWEED RELATED TO THE COURT HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED BY THE CLOCK, AND THAT HE WAS THE SAME FROM FLEEING THE COUNTRY.

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5.

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5.

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I like these features.

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